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Catalogue reading is generally regarded a dry occupation—almost as dry as catalogue writing. And yet if detailed information is given under the definite numbers a certain amount of interest may be engendered, because specification is of greater importance than generalization. Thus even a sale catalogue may become interesting, if in a chatty way, by what the French call *causerie*, an attempt is made to instruct as well as classify. It will be noticed that this course is pursued in the description of the Hearn Collection of Chinese Porcelains, and an effort is made in some way to indicate the profound richness of this subject of Oriental Ceramics.

It may not be out of place to suggest that in this manner the catalogues of coming picture auctions might be improved. These, in the past, have been of a lamentably nondescript, hackneyed character. The more elaborate ones present a list of the artists with constantly recurring biographical data clipped from cyclopædias and monographs; this is followed by a numerical list of the paintings, described thusly: "sky here, trees in foreground, a cow on the left," and so on, which calls in question our eyesight or intelligence. A true description of a picture concerns itself with the inspiration and the quality of it, and will bring out quite sufficiently the individuality of the artist.

SCULPTURE IN PHILADELPHIA.

II.

MCCLELLAN, MEADE AND REYNOLDS.

NEVER do I emerge from the Pennsylvania Dépôt at Broad Street, without incurring a sense of concern lest by accident I sight the unsightly equestrian statue of General George B. McClellan.

This was erected in 1893 through the indomitable energy and persistence of an old time comrade and friend Major Moses Veale, and never did friend or comrade devote himself to a better cause or worse effect.

From the square toed riding boots to the nape of the neck, the modelling is atrocious; but the crowning glorification of everything deplorable is the rampant charger.

God made man, man made war, but what H. J. Ellicott Sc. ? made, in return for the \$15,000 is beyond my poor vocabulary in Art or Sculpture to determine.

Some photographic resemblance may be seen in the facial lines, but beneath this; life, feeling, form, anatomy or pose exist not.

Merely the hanging on of the uniform to a badly balanced manikin. If the deceased General was condemned to wear such top boots, then my heart goes out in sympathy to him. They are too short, and in short deplorable. The welt under the toes is square cut, and insufficient in length, thus causing the larger phalanges to extend directly and very obtrusively over the welt. This alone would afford a befitting excuse for riding such a horse in preference to nothing.

Look ye again: the arch of the vertebral column, how out of keeping with a good seat and a decent rider. Taking the *tout ensemble*, it would lend itself to the supposition that the horse and not the man was the executive agent. From the pommel of the saddle, the horse develops chest, neck and head so abnormally heroic as to preclude any possibility of the diminutive General having a view of anything beyond.

The pedestal, which is of light unpolished Quincy Granite may be said to be the only redeeming feature.

Strangers within these gates might surely be welcomed by a better example of the sculptural taste and ability of Americans and American artists. Some day, and God speed it, Committees on Selection will see the folly of their fatuous ignorances, and will by the aid of a decent honorarium obtain the services of a worthy representative of an art medium to aid them in the selection of material that may do justice to them and the citizens at large.

GENERAL JOHN F. REYNOLDS.

Within a hundred and fifty feet of the above, on the north side of the \$25,000,000 City Hall Monument, stands another equestrian.

It is homogeneous, and is an emanation from the hands of John Rogers, that versatile progenitor of parlor groups historical and domestic. What more ? Further introduction is unnecessary.

General Reynolds, it may be remembered, anyway I've looked it up to make sure, fell on the morning of the 1st of July, 1864, as the advance was made by the Union troops to intercept the flank of Lee's columns.

Advancing towards McPherson's woods at Gettysburg, General Reynolds recognized too late that the guns of the Confederates were already planted and trained upon them; raising his hand as a signal for his troops to advance, the enemy fired and Reynolds fell mortally wounded. The sculptor's intent and purpose was to depict virtually this incident.

Here we have Reynolds in fatigue uniform, with field glasses slung over the shoulder, dress sword and forage cap, reining in his horse with a light rein, and the right hand raised at an angle of a few degrees above the shoulder level. Pointing, always pointing up North Broad Street, that untiring index finger.

The grim shadows on the face do not betray much of the portraiture, but the figure of the man is bad, the waist line too short, thus rendering the sword-belt conspicuously high from the saddle, and making the body altogether too short from the shoulder to the waist, and a long seat in the saddle. An impossible feature to a man reining in a horse.

The statue was practically the gift of Mr. Joseph Temple, for many years associated with the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. From a fund created during his life a medal and \$25,000 was given for this remarkable illustration of the high plane attained by American sculptors.

This was I believe John Rogers' first and last equestrian statue. *Requiescat in Pace.*

GENERAL G. B. MEADE'S

statue occupies a good position on a rising knoll, a little to the northwest of Memorial Hall and facing Horticultural Hall of Fairmount Park.

This was designed and won after a hard fought competition by Alexander M. Calder, of Philadelphia; away in 1885-6 and cast by the Henry-Bonnard Bronze Co.

In no sense is it heroic; it is uniformly weak, wanting in strength of lines, and lacking altogether in the local traits of military action. Only in the application of the uniform details has the sculptor shown any faithful adherence.

The pose merely portrays the opponent of Lee, not as one would imagine him, eager to cut through the lines of the Confederates at Pine Ridge and thereby cutting off Lee's communication with Richmond, but in a battalion parade, reining up in circus-like form to receive the plaudits of the onlookers.

Admitting the portraiture of the man as being fairly good, surely it might be granted through the skill and training of our sculptors that something pertaining to the characteristics of both horse and man should be given to future generations to make both of documentary value.

But alas ! We see the General, by some unknown power, causing the poor horse (that bears no resemblance to "Baldy") to strain every sinew, vein and muscle, mouth torn and hind quarters squatting in its effort to balance the pressure of the fore feet flung out straight to assist the balky movement.

The man is out of balance, sitting in a semi-recumbent fashion with the left hand drawn up to the buckle of his belt, while the right hand drops down over the saddle cloth holding a fatigue cap. Even this action is contradictory. Military tenets supply the action of the inverted hand, or exposure of the palm, betokening submission, and the acceptance of such a salute demands the showing of the back of the hand with the index and second figures raised to the chapeau, helmet or fatigue cap.

The present action is therefore more befitting the action of a riding master.

This is one of the costly monuments erected by the Fairmount Park Art Association at a cost of \$25,000. Some day, perhaps, it will be made imperative that our modellers and sculptors study the anatomy of the horse, and those entering a military equestrian competition being compelled to show credentials, proving their study of military actions at West Point.

The Multum in Parvo may be seen in Massey Rhind's statue of

STEPHEN GIRARD

on the Western Plaza of the City Hall.

That plainly dressed philanthropist, plain of face and mien, I always consider a good, thoughtful work of honest execution. Gold lace and ecclesiastical robes played no part in the make-up of the figure, hence the better value given at the hands of the sculptor.

The nine-foot figure stands in easy pose upon a nine-foot pedestal of granite, which bears upon the three sides bronze panels showing in bas relief incidents of the philanthropist's life. Massey Rhind was also fortunate in having for his associate a man capable of creating or designing a pedestal having for its component parts all the essentials and details dictated by the law of harmony and good taste.

In fact, Quaker City does not possess a better.

MITSCHKA.